

The City of Numbered Days

By Francis Lynde

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SYNOPSIS.

Brouillard, chief engineer of the Niagara traction dam, meets J. Wesley Cortwright and his daughter, Genevieve, and explains the reclamation work to them. Cortwright was on the project a big chance to make money, organize a company and obtain government contracts to furnish power and material for the dam construction. A busy city springs up about the site. Steve Massingale threatens to start a gold rush if Brouillard does not influence President Ford to build a railroad branch to the place, thus opening an easy market for the ore from the "Little Susan" mine. On a visit to Amy Massingale at her father's mine Brouillard tells her of his need for money to pay off his dead father's debts and that to be free he would sacrifice anything save his love for one woman. Though his influence is vital to the building of the railroad extension she tells him to be true to himself. He decides for it. Mirapolis, the city of numbered days, booms. Cortwright persuades Brouillard to become consulting engineer of the consolidated electric power company in return for \$200,000 stock. Permanent buildings in Mirapolis and a real estate boom are in full swing when the stoppage of work on the railroad threatens a panic. Brouillard spreads the Massingale story of placer gold in the river bed and starts a gold rush. The gold rush promises to stop the reclamation project. Amy tells Brouillard that her father has incorporated the "Little Susan" and is in Cortwright's clothes financially. He tells her he has made \$100,000 and declares his love.

Just imagine feelings of a man who has blunted his conscience and turned a questionable trick in finance in order to please the girl he loves, and then has been severely judged by the young lady when she discovered his handiwork. What steps will Brouillard take to square himself in Amy's eyes?

CHAPTER XII—Continued.

He was abashed, confounded; and at the bottom of the tangle of conflicting emotions there was a dull glow of resentment.

"I did it, as I say—for love of you, Amy; and now I have done a much more serious thing—for the same reason."

"Tell me," she said, with a quick catching of her breath.

"Your brother put a weapon in my hands, and I have used it. There was one sure way to make the railroad people get busy again. They couldn't sit still if all the world were trying to get to a new gold camp, to which they already have a line graded and nearly ready for the steel."

"And you have—?"

He nodded.

She had retreated to take her former position, leaning against the porch post, with her hands behind her, and she had grown suddenly calm.

"Don't look at me that way, Amy," he pleaded. "You wanted something—and I wanted to give it to you. That was all—as God hears me, it was all. You believe that, Amy? It will break my heart if you don't believe it."

She shook her head sadly.

You don't understand, and I can't make you understand—that is the keen misery of it. If this ruthless thing you tried to do had succeeded, I should be the most wretched woman in the world."

"If it had succeeded? It has succeeded. Didn't I say just now that the town was crazy with excitement when I left to come up here?"

The girl was shaking her head again.

"God sometimes saves us in spite of ourselves," she said gravely. "The excitement will die out. There are no placers in the Niagara. The bars have been prospected again and again."

"I see—after so long a time," he went on. "Your brother merely 'salted' a few shovelfuls of sand for my especial benefit. Great heavens, but I was an easy mark!"

"Don't!" she cried, and the tears in her voice cut him to the heart—"don't make it harder for me than it has to be. I have told you only what I've heard my father say, time and again; that there is no gold in the Niagara river. And you mustn't ask me to despise my brother. He fights his way to his ends without caring much for the consequences to others; but tell me—haven't you been doing the same thing?"

"Yet you condemn in your brother what you condemn in me," he complained.

"My brother is my brother; and you are—let me tell you something, Victor: God helping me, I shall be no man's evil genius, and yours least of all. You broke down the barriers a few minutes ago and you know what is in my heart. But I can take it out of my heart if the man who put it there is not true to himself."

Brouillard was silent for a little space, and when he spoke again it was as one awaking from a troubled dream.

"I know. There is a change. I am not the same man I was a few years, or even a few months ago. I have lost

something; I have not the same promptings; things that I used to loathe no longer shock me. And there is no cause. Nothing different has broken into my life save the best of all things—a great love. And you tell me that the love is unworthy."

"No, I didn't say that; I only meant that you had misconceived it. Love is the truest, finest thing we know. It can never be the tool of evil; it may even breathe new life into the benumbed conscience."

Again a silence came and sat between them; and, as before, it was the man who broke it.

"You lead me to a conclusion that I refuse to accept, Amy; that I am dominated by some influence which is stronger than love."

"You are," she said simply.

"What is it?"

"Environment."

"That is the most humiliating thing you have said today."

"No. However much others may be deluded, I am sure you can see Mirapolis in its true light. The very air you breathe down there is poisoned. The taint is in the blood. Mr. Cortwright and his fellow bandits call it the 'Miracle City,' but the poor wretches on lower Chigringo avenue laugh and call it Gomorrah."

"Just at the present moment it is a city of fools—and I, the king of the fools, have made it so," said Brouillard gloomily. From his seat on the porch step he was frowning down upon the outspread scene in the valley, where the triangular shadow of Jack's mountain was creeping slowly across to the foot of Chigringo. Something in the measured eye-sweep brought him to his feet with a hasty exclamation:

"Good Lord! the machinery has stopped! They've knocked off work on the dam!"

"Why not?" she said. "Did you imagine that your workmen were any less human than other people?"

"No, of course not; that is, I—but I haven't any time to go into that now. Is your telephone line up here in operation?"

"No, not yet."

"Then I must burn the wind getting down there. By Jove! if those un-



"Give Us a Job If We Come Back Tomorrow!"

speaking idiots have gone off and left the concrete to freeze wherever it happens to be—"

"One moment," she replied, while he was reaching for his hat. "This new madness will have spent itself by nightfall—it must. And yet I have the queerest shivery feeling, as if something dreadful were going to happen. Can't you contrive to get word to me, some way—after it is all over? I wish you could."

"I'll do it," he promised. "I'll come up after supper."

"No, don't do that. You will be needed at the dam. There will be trouble, with a town full of disappointed gold-hunters, and liquor to be had. Wait a minute." She ran into the house and came out with two little paper-covered cylinders with fuses projecting. "Take these; they are Bengal lights—some of the fireworks that Tig bought in Red Butte for the Fourth. Light the blue one when you are ready to send me my message of cheer. I shall be watching for it."

"And the other?" she asked.

"It is a red light, the signal of war and tumults and danger. If you light it, I shall know—"

He nodded, dropped the paper cylinders into his pocket, and a moment later was racing down the trail to take his place at the helm of the abandoned ship of the industries.

Brouillard descended upon his disheartened subordinates like a whirlwind of invincible energy, electrifying everybody into instant action. Gassman was told off to bring the Indians, who alone were loyally indifferent to the gold craze, down from the crushers. Anson was dispatched to impress the waiters and bellboys from the Metropole; Leshington was sent to the shops and the bank to turn out the

clerks; Grislow and Handley were ordered to take charge of the makeshift concrete handlers as fast as they materialized, squadding them and driving the work of wreck clearing for every man and minute they could command, with Gassman and Bender to act as foremen.

For himself, Brouillard reserved the most hazardous of the recruiting expeditions. The lower avenue had already become a double rank of dives, saloons and gambling dens; here, if anywhere in the craze-depopulated town, men might be found, and for once in their lives they should be shown how other men earned money.

"Shove it for every minute of daylight there is left," he ordered, snapping out his commands to his staff while he was filling the magazine of his Winchester. "Puddle what material there is in the forms, dump the telpher buckets where they stand, and clean out the mixers; that's the size of the job, and it's got to be done. Jump to it, Grizzly, you and Handley, and we'll try to fill your gangs the best way we can."

"You'll be up on the stagings yourself, won't you?" asked Grislow, struggling into his working coat.

"After a bit. I'm going down to the lower avenue to turn out the crooks and diamond wearers. It's time they were learning how to earn an honest dollar."

"You'll get yourself killed up," grumbled Leshington. "Work is the one thing you won't get out of that crowd."

"Watch me," rasped the chief, and he was gone as soon as he had said it.

Strange things and strenuous happened in the lower end of the Niagara valley during the few hours of daylight that remained. First, climbing nervously to the puddlers' staging on the great dam, and led by Poodles himself, came the Metropole quota of waiters, scullions, cooks and porters, willing but skillless. After them, and herded by Leshington, came a dapper crowd of office men and clerks to snatch up the puddling spades and to sell their clothes and bluster their hands in emptying the concrete buckets. Mr. Cortwright's contribution came as a dropping fire; a handful of tree-cutters from the sawmills, a few picked up here and there in the deserted town, an automobile load of power-company employees shot down from the generating plant at racing speed.

Last, but by no means least in numbers, came the human derelicts from the lower avenue; men in frock-coats; men in cowboy jeans taking it as a huge joke; men with foreign faces and lowering brows and with strange oaths in their mouths; and behind the motley throng and marshaling it to a quickstep, Brouillard and Tig Smith.

It was hot work and heavy for the strangely assorted crew, and Brouillard drove it to the limit, bribing, cajoling or threatening, patrolling the long line of staging to encourage the awkward puddlers, or side-stepping swiftly to the mixers to bring back a detachment of skulkers at the rifle's muzzle. And by nightfall the thing was done, with the loss reduced to a minimum and the makeshift laborers dropping out in squads and groups, some laughing, some swearing, and all too weary and toll-worn to be dangerous.

"Give us a job if we come back tomorrow," called out the king of the gamblers in passing; and the cry was taken up by others in grim jest.

"Thus endeth the first lesson," said Grislow, when the engineering corps was reassembling at the headquarters preparatory to a descent upon the supper table. But Brouillard was dumb and haggard, and when he had hung his rifle and cartridge belt on their pegs behind his desk, he went out, leaving unbroken the silence which had greeted his entrance.

"The boss is taking it pretty hard," said young Griffith to no one in particular, and it was Leshington who took him up savagely and invited him to hold his tongue.

"The least said is the soonest mended—at a funeral," was the form the first assistant's rebuke took. "You take my advice and don't mess or meddle with the chief until he's had time to work this thing out of his system."

The shouts of the mob were ringing in Brouillard's ears when he strode dejectedly into the deserted maproom, and the cries were rising with a new note and in fresher frenzies a little later when Grislow came in. The hydrographer's blue eyes were hard and his voice had a tang of bitterness in it when he said: "Well, you've done it. Three men have just come in with a double handful of nuggets, and Mirapolis makes its bow to the world at large as the newest and richest of the gold camps."

Brouillard had been humped over his desk, and he sprang up with a cry like that of a wounded animal.

"It can't be; Grizzly, I tell you it can't be! Steve Massingale planted that gold that I washed out—played me for a fool to get me to work for the railroad. I didn't know it until—"

"Until Amy Massingale told you about it this afternoon," cut in the mapmaker shrewdly. "That's all right. The bar Steve took you to was barren enough; they tell me that every cubic foot of it has been washed over in dishpans and skillets in the past few hours. But you know the big bend opposite the Quadajen hills; the river has built that bend out of its own washings, and the bulletin over at the Spotlight office says that the entire peninsula is one huge bank of gold-bearing gravel."

At the word Brouillard staggered as from the impact of a bullet. Then he crossed the room slowly, groping his way toward the peg where the coat he had worn in the afternoon was hanging. Grislow saw him take something

out of the pocket of the coat, and the next moment the door opened and closed and the hydrographer was left alone.

Having been planned before there was a city to be considered, the government buildings inclosed three sides of a small open square, facing toward the great dam. In the middle of this open space Brouillard stopped, kicked up a little mound of earth, and stood the two paper cylinders on it, side by side.

The tempered glow from the city electric lights made a soft twilight in the little plaza; he could see the wrapper colors of the two signal fires quite well. A sharp attack of indecision had prompted him to place both of them on the tiny mound. With the match in his hand, he was still undecided. Amy Massingale's words came back to him as he hesitated: "Light the blue one when you are ready to send me my message of cheer. . . ." On the lips of another woman the words might have taken a materialistic meaning; the miraculous gold discovery would bring the railroad, and the railroad would rescue the Massingale mine and restore the Massingale fortunes.

He looked up at the dark bulk of Chigringo, unrelieved even by the tiny fleck of lamplight which he had so often called his guiding star. "Take me out of your mind and heart and say which you will have, little girl," he whispered, sending the words out into the void of night. But only the din and clamor of a city gone wild with enthusiasm came to answer him. Somewhere on the avenue a band was playing; men were shouting themselves hoarse in excitement, and above the shouting came the staccato crackling of pistols and guns fired in air.

He struck the match and stooped over the blue cylinder. "This is your message of cheer, whether you take it that way or not," he went on, whispering again to the silent void. But when the fuse of the blue light was fairly fizzing he suddenly pinched it out and held the match to the other.

Up on the high bench of the great mountain Amy Massingale was pacing to and fro on the punchon-floored porch of the home cabin. The girl's gaze never wandered far from a dark area in the western edge of the town—the semicircle cut into the dotting lights and marking the site of the government reservation. It was when a tiny stream of sparks shot up in the center of the dark area that she stopped and held her breath. Then, when a blinding flare followed to prick out the headquarters, the commissary and the mess house, she sank in a despairing little heap on the floor, with her face hidden in her hands and the quick sobs shaking her like an ague chill. It was Brouillard's signal, but it was not the signal of peace; it was the blood-red of revolution and strife and turmoil.

CHAPTER XIV

The Feast of Hurrahs

Mirapolis the marvelous was a hustling, roaring, wide-open mining camp of twenty thousand souls by the time the railroad, straining every nerve and crowding three shifts into the 24-hour day, pushed its rails along the foothill bench of Chigringo, tossed up its temporary station buildings, and signaled its opening for business by running a mammoth excursion from the cities of the immediate East.

Busy as it was, the city took time to celebrate fittingly the event which linked it to the outer world. By proclamation Mayor Cortwright declared a holiday. There were lavish displays of bunting, an impromptu trades parade, speeches from the plaza bandstand, free lunches and free liquor—a day of boisterous, hilarious triumphs, with, incidentally, much buying and selling and many transfers of the precious "front foot" or choice "corner."

Yielding to pressure, which was no less imperative from below than from above, Brouillard had consented to suspend work on the great dam during the day of triumphs, and the reclamation service force, smaller now than at any time since the beginning of the undertaking, went to swell the crowds on Chigringo avenue. Mr. Cortwright had been inexorable, and Brouillard found himself uncomfortably emphasized as chairman of the civic reception committee.

It was after his part of the speech-making, and while the plaza crowds were still bellowing their approval of the modest forensic effort, that he went to sit beside Miss Cortwright in the temporary grand stand, mopping his face and otherwise exhibiting the after effects of the unfamiliar strain.

Victor Brouillard knows that he cannot win Amy Massingale until he pulls from his feet the mire of this financial trickery. How will he extricate himself with a clean conscience and a pocketful of money—or can he do it?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Not the Teapot's Fault.

Pat was very fond of strong tea. He always praised a housekeeper according to the strength of the tea she made. Last Saturday the woman of the house where Pat worked was pouring out the tea for his breakfast. It was coming out very slowly, and the good woman asked Pat to excuse the teapot as it had a bad spot. Pat (not liking the look of the tea) said sadly: "Oh, begor, ma'am, don't blame the teapot, because anything weak must go aisy."

MISSISSIPPI GUARD BEING MOBILIZED

STATE MILITIA IS PROPERLY ANSWERING THE U. S. CALL FOR TWELVE COMPANIES.

WILL COME TO JACKSON

Call For Service on Mexican Border Is Welcomed By Home Soldiers—Will Recruit To Full War Strength.

—Jackson.

Mobilization of the Mississippi National Guard for duty on the Mexican border commenced at noon June 19.

The first company to go into mobilization quarters was the Capital Light Guards, or Company F, of Jackson, Capt. C. L. Beacham commanding. The company is now quartered at Camp Sweep Taylor, in the western suburbs.

Telegraphic orders for mobilization sent out by Adj. Gen. Scales require the companies to be first rendezvoused at their home station for recruiting to the minimum quota of 72 men.

As soon as the organizations pass muster they will be brought to the concentration camp in city.

While the Capital Light Guards is now the only company at the concentration camp, Adj. Gen. Scales states that other organizations will be hurried to mobilization grounds.

Twelve infantry companies of the Mississippi National Guard, comprising the Fourth, Second and Fifth Independent Battalions, have been ordered by Adj. Gen. Eric C. Scales to prepare for Mexican service.

The following military organizations have been ordered to mobilize:

Fourth Battalion, Maj. Geo. C. Hoskins, Brookhaven; Company H of Brookhaven, Company F of Jackson, Company M of Kosciusko, Company D of Yazoo City.

Second Battalion, Maj. E. B. Boyd of Macon in command; Company G of West Point, Company A of Hattiesburg, Company C of Columbus, Company M of Arkabutla.

Fifth Battalion, Maj. Geo. E. Hogaboam of Vicksburg in command; Company A of Vicksburg, Company B of Natchez, Company C of Greenville, Company I of Vicksburg.

Under the United States army regulations the company commanders must report a minimum strength ready to move of 72 men before they can proceed to the state mobilization camp, and a maximum strength of 140 before they will be sent from the mobilization camp to the border.

So far the two military bands, the hospital corps, Company B of Aberdeen, Company F of Scooba, Company D of Meridian, and an independent company at Hazlehurst, have not been ordered out, though it is believed that they will be very soon.

Build Stone Crusher.

According to L. Q. Stone, president of the board of trustees of the penitentiary, and E. J. O'Keefe, superintendent, no time will be lost in the preliminary detail work necessary to getting the first state operated and owned limestone crushing plant begun.

The crusher, which will be located at Okolona, has been contracted for, and will turn out an average of eight tons per hour, and the contractors, as stated, will run the machinery for the first thirty days without cost to the state. This plant will cost, installed and laid down at the crushing site, about \$1,800, which is reasonable, leaving, as stated, a fair working margin from the \$10,000 available for the land, the machinery and operation of each plant to be established. As stipulated in the act of the legislature, the output is to be delivered to the farmers and land owners at actual cost of production.

For the present, as stated, the penitentiary board will rest content with the one plant in North Mississippi, though eventually, it is expected, a similar plant will be in running order in the lower part of the state.

Two Get Discharges.

S. L. Palmer, a young white man, and Odie McLendon, a negro, have been given meritorious discharges by Governor Bilbo, and have left the convict farms. The discharges were recommended by the superintendent of the penitentiary and the board of prison trustees. Palmer was sent up from Perry County to serve a term of three years for receiving stolen goods. McLendon was sent up from Scott County to serve a life term for murder.

Dental Examiners Meet.

The state board of dental examiners held their annual examinations in the state senate chamber June 20.

Lovelace Recaptured.

Pink Lovelace, the white convict who escaped with two others, John Quimbley and Afton L. Rowe, from the Rankin state farm a few weeks ago, has been recaptured by the sheriff of Lee County, ten miles north of Tupelo, and will be returned to the farm at once. Lovelace was sent up from Tishomingo County in 1912, to serve a life term for the murder of a white man named Harris. On June 7th he escaped with the other two prisoners, and since then was not heard from until recaptured.

PAINS IN SIDE AND BACK

How Mrs. Kelly Suffered and How She was Cured.

Burlington, Wis.—"I was very irregular, and had pains in my side and back, but after taking



Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Tablets and using two bottles of the Sanative Wash I am fully convinced that I am entirely cured of these troubles, and feel better all over. I know your remedies have done me worlds of good and I hope every suffering woman will give them a trial."—Mrs. ANNA KELLY, 710 Chestnut Street, Burlington, Wis.

The many convincing testimonials constantly published in the newspapers ought to be proof enough to women who suffer from these distressing ills peculiar to their sex that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the medicine they need.

This good old root and herb remedy has proved unequalled for these dreadful ills; it contains what is needed to restore woman's health and strength.

If there is any peculiarity in your case requiring special advice, write the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential), Lynn, Mass., for free advice.

IF YOU HAVE

Malaria or Piles, Sick Headache, Costive Bowels, Dumb Ague, Sour Stomach, and Belching; if your food does not assimilate and you have no appetite,

Tutt's Pills

will remedy these troubles. Price, 25 cents.

Hippopotami Can Run.

In spite of its clumsy build, the hippopotamus can trot fast. That is why he was given the name of river-horse. The hippo's feet are kept far apart by the wide body and make paths with a ridge down the middle, so as to be recognizable at once. They swim well, but go at their greatest speed when they can gallop along the bottom in shallow water. They can stay under water a long time, and when they come to the surface they send little jets of spray from their nostrils. The cow is devoted to the calf. The young one stands on her back as the mother swims.

HOW TO TREAT DANDRUFF

Itching Scalp and Falling Hair With Cuticura. Trial Free.

On retiring touch spots of dandruff and itching with Cuticura Ointment. Next morning shampoo with Cuticura Soap and hot water. A clean, healthy scalp means good hair and freedom, in most cases, from dandruff, itching, burning, crustings and scalings. Free sample each by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

Saving.

"Old Van Gelder began life as a poor boy, and look at him now. He's worth millions."

"He saved every cent he earned, I suppose."

"Yes, and some that other people earned besides."

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it

Bears the Signature of J. C. H. Fletcher

In Use for Over 30 Years.

Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Their Uses.

"Is it true that battles are being won in Europe with cigarettes?" asked the reformer.

"Oh, no," answered the contributor to a tobacco fund. "Cigarettes are merely used in the trenches to make a policy of 'watchful waiting' more endurable."

FRECKLES

Now Is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots.

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as the prescription ointment—double strength—is guaranteed to remove those homely spots. Simply get an ounce of ointment—double strength—from your druggist, and apply a little of it night and morning, and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than one ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double strength ointment, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.—Adv.

Business.

"What's in a name?"

"There's money in it. Any man who can think up a good name for a breakfast food can buy sawdust in carload lots and sell it in pound packages at a handsome profit."

STOP THOSE SHARP SHOOTING PAINS

"Femina" is the wonder worker for all female disorders. Price \$1.00 and 50c. Adv.

Poverty enables a man to save a lot of money—by not having it to spend.

For galls use Hanford's Balsam. Adv.

In Russia there are about 86 public holidays in a year.